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Having graduated at the Louisville Medical College, has permanently located at
Highland, Lincoln County, Kentucky,
and offers his professional services to the people of that section.

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Offers his services to the citizens of Stanford and vicinity.

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One door below the P. O.,
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Inserted in the most approved style. 156-117.

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FEVER & AGUE AND SUN-PAIN.
WARRANTED TO CURE.

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Reed Harvey & Co., Harrodsburg, Ky.,
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FURST CLASS
BLACKSMITHING!
Having permanently located at my Father's old stand, on Main Street, in Stanford, Ky., I respectfully call a liberal share of patronage, and will endeavor to give satisfaction both as to quality of work and price.

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Give me a call. 200-11 B. G. ALFORD.

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THE FASHIONABLE HATTER,
136 West Market Street,
Between 4th and 5th, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Fur, Canes, Umbrellas & Gloves.

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Wholesale and Retail.

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STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876.

WHOLE NUMBER 229.

What My Lover Said.

By the merest chance in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me go;
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my feet down above me;
While he took my hand, as he whispered—
"Oh, the clover in bloom—do you love it?"

In the high, wet grass, went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried—
In the arms of my steadfast lover.

And he held me there, and he kissed my head—
While he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves best down from the boughs of a tree)

To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the leaves hanging low o'er me!
Had he moved aside a little way,
I could surely then have passed him;
And would not have heard what he had to say—
Could I only have cast him.

It was about dark, and the moonlight spot,
And the stars, and the moonlight spot,
And the stars, and the moonlight spot,
And the stars, and the moonlight spot,

I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
That I would not let him go;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was coming with its dew at last,
And the sky with stars was filling;

But he clung to me close when I would have fled—
And he made me hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars came out from the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the moon and stars in glory)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind—precious sweet!
Will carry his secret as softly and well
That no being shall ever discover.

One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover;
I shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They threw round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-drenched clover.

Not echo the whisper that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

The Congressional Race.
COLUMBIA, Ky., July 7th, 1876.

The central location in this Congressional District of your paper causes us to ask a small space therein to say a word concerning our choice as standard bearer in the impending contest. Let us take a dispassionate survey of the prospects of each of the three Democrats who aspire to that honor; whether one may possess any advantage, either morally or politically over the rest. Morally, the difference is nothing, each one's record being irreproachable. Consider then, the political record of the men, and by so doing, we get at those advantages or disadvantages that each or all may possess or stand in need of.

The explanation of Hon. M. J. Durham, concerning the celebrated Pittsburgh matter fell decidedly, to be satisfactory to a great many good Democrats in this country. Will not that omission on his part of not informing Congress as to the character of men they were elevating to the position that he, Pittsburgh, was elected to, and who so disgraced himself and the party by his shame, tend to lead to Judge Durham's Radical opponent, should he, Durham, be nominated, a stick that would break Mr. Durham's back, and lose the district to the Democratic party. This subject is being treated as a matter of no weight by many of Judge Durham's admirers and friends, but with such an accusation in the hands of a popular and able Republican opponent, is it not wise for us to at least consider the possibilities, yes, the probabilities of defeat, recollecting that the Democratic majority in this district was reduced from sixteen or seventeen hundred majority in a former race, to six hundred, where Mr. Durham was our standard bearer, by one, who will, no doubt, be the opposing candidate of the opposing party during the present campaign.

We write this in all kindness to Judge Durham, not as one who has ever been opposed to him until by his own act, or rather failing to act in this matter, he has rendered himself, as we think, incapable of running another race against a well organized opposition. Hill, of your county, or Harbin, of Mercer, are both able men, fully the peer of Mr. Durham, and against whom no such fatal accusation could be made, much less sustained. The Republican effort in this district, this election, will be stupendous, and he better not be careful and put the strongest man against them? Let all Democrats who have the success of Democratic principles at heart, in this, our hundredth anniversary of existence as a nation, think of this matter deliberately, and arrive at no hasty conclusion.

A JEFFERSONIAN.

Regeneration.
Young ladies of the present day are very fond of using forcible adjectives. The word "awful" is in high favor among them, and does a large amount of work. Here is a specimen of the talk of the times: During a trip down town, a young lady saw the loveliest polonaise pattern she ever saw in her life, the handsomest fellow she ever saw in her life, the homeliest woman she ever saw in her life, got the worse fright she ever got in her life from the drunkest man she ever saw in her life, never was so insulted in her life as she was by a young man who spoke to her on the car, and finally got home, feeling more tired than they ever felt in their life.

At the Centennial, the Philadelphia ladies cry out, "Isn't it cunning?" New York ladies, "How superbly lovely!" Boston ladies, "Ah, how exquisite!" Louisville ladies, "Beautiful, too shuah!" Chicago ladies, "Oh, my! I wish I owned that!" while the genuine Yankee girls from the rural districts, exclaim, "Gee whimmity, but ain't that a cunner stunner, now?"

A Bit of History.

A few years ago the State of New York fell into the official hands of corrupt politicians, high-toned thieves and powerful rings. The public money was stolen and wasted by millions by these rings and officials. The taxes were increased to the enormous sum of sixteen millions per annum. The state of public affairs grew rapidly from bad to worse. A gubernatorial election was held, and the issue was Reform. Samuel J. Tilden, a lawyer of great ability, was the candidate of the honest people. He was elected by a majority of fifty thousand votes. During his canvass he was assailed by the corrupt press, thieves and rings. Numerous charges were trumped up against him, and proven by the testimony of thieves, rings and corrupt officials. All means of villainous, rottenness and dishonesty was in this manner proven against him. He was tried at the ballot box, and by the great law of public opinion, acquitted. His vindication was amply attested by the lively little majority of fifty thousand! He was inaugurated Governor of the great State of New York, which was then acknowledged the most thoroughly corrupt government in the world—with perhaps one exception! Governor Tilden at once set him about to perform the mission of his life, reform his State government, and punish her plunderers. The undertaking was only exceeded in magnitude by the success that attended his efforts. The State service was, in eighteen months, purged of corruption and thievery, corrupt officials were punished, and rings were broken up and compelled to disgorge their ill-gotten gains. The taxes were reduced to the minimum of eight millions of dollars. To-day the State of New York is honestly, economically and wisely governed. The author of this mammoth reform is a Democrat, a statesman and a patriot of the old school. Honest, executive ability and purity of character have been vindicated at the polls, and proven by his works. The proof of his ability, works and incorruptible character came up as a memorial before a National Convention of American citizens, met to nominate a man for the presidency of the United States. He filled the requirements of that convention, and received the nomination. The condition of the government of the United States is synonymous with that of New York State. Corrupt officials, thieves and rings abound in the National Government, like in New York, when the great reformer was called to the chief magistracy. The honest people of the nation are clamoring for reform. The very existence of the government demands that reform. The honest men of the party in power are desirous of reform. The party in power are ruled and controlled by anti-reformers, and can never bring to the country that thorough reform in every department of the public service that the exigencies of the times demand. It is therefore the determination of the patriotic people of the nation to rally to the support and election of the man Tilden, and restore the government of the United States to the hands of the party that honestly ruled it for sixty years.

P. S.—Some of the same corrupt officials, high-toned thieves and powerful ring-men that opposed the election of the Great Reformer to the chief magistracy of New York State, and falsely charged him with dishonesty, now oppose his election to the presidency, and reiterate those false charges, but the people will give no heed to them. These same false charges are caught up by sundry newspapers and politicians throughout the country. It is thought, by honest people, to be unbecoming in the adherents of Hayes and Grantism to charge corruption upon the Great Reformer, for the reason that the philosopher said that those who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones.

How she Married the Man she Loved
Several days ago a beautiful young lady arrived at the Lindell Hotel in this city. Registering herself as Miss Ida Hermance, San Francisco, she engaged the handsomest parlor in the hotel, at \$20 per day, together with the bridal chamber. She was magnificently dressed, wore several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and dispensed among the waiters, money, as though she were a princess. On Saturday, she published an advertisement informing E. G. Crippen, that a lady at the Lindell Hotel desired to see him. Crippen heard of the advertisement to-day, went to the hotel, and found an old sweetheart. The meeting resulted in a hasty marriage in Dr. Schuyler's church this evening. Crippen is well known in Cincinnati and Chicago, as a seller of safes. The young lady is said to be the only daughter of a millionaire widow of California. She ran away from her mamma about two weeks ago to Crippen.—[Chicago Tribune.]

The Presidents of the United States.

During the eighty-eight years which have elapsed since the organization of the Federal Government, there have been eighteen Presidents of the United States. Fifteen of them were elected to the Presidency by the people; and three—Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson—were elected Vice President. Tyler became President on the death of Gen. Harrison; Fillmore on the death of Gen. Taylor, and Johnson after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Nine States—six of them Northern and three Southern—have furnished our eighteen Presidents. Virginia has had five of them—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler. Tennessee has had three—Jackson, Polk, and Johnson. Massachusetts has had two—John Adams and John Quincy Adams. New York two—Van Buren and Fillmore. Illinois two—Lincoln and Grant. New Hampshire one—Pierce. Pennsylvania one—Buchanan. Louisiana one—Taylor; and Ohio one—Harrison.

As between the North and South, our Presidents have been divided with absolute impartiality; nine of them—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Taylor and Johnson—having come from below Mason and Dixon's line, and nine—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln and Grant—having been elected from Northern States.

The Centennial.
In the main corridor of the Memorial Building's annex, where the most casual visitors are not likely to miss it, a wax figure of Cleopatra is displayed. She reclines upon a sort of throne, and is almost naked. The workmanship is of the best and the effect startling. The flesh tint is natural, the hair life-like, and every detail carefully done. Interior clock-work leaves her bare bosom, moves her arms at intervals, stirs her legs, turns her head languidly from side to side, and rolls her eyes. Her face and form are beautiful, and the accessories are in artistic harmony with a conception of the Egyptian Queen; yet the features are not Egyptian, being rather those of a beautiful French woman. An Ethiopian slave, equally nude, stands at her side and fans her. At her feet lies a naked little boy. Air flutters on the arm of her seat. A golden canopy hangs above the group, all being enclosed in a glass case. The whole is surprisingly natural, so much so, that it has a natural effect upon the spectators. Young girls come suddenly upon it and draw back appalled. They have nerved themselves to look at the statues and pictures, but this sight is too unexpected and realistic to be borne with steadiness. They escape without delay. Women inspect the group shyly. Men are not to be scared away by any feeling of modesty, and, unless escorting sisters or sweethearts, stay on the spot in numbers sufficient to constantly crowd that part of the corridor.

Woman's Love.
No woman will love a man the better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be first among men, she will be prouder, not fonder; as it is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well, is her hero and king. No less a hero to her, though he is not to any other; no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home. It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be agreeable to an attentive husband, and a very exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable to the man she will herself willingly neglect.

It would be easy to hate a man, who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who is constant and tender, and when a woman loves she always strives to please. The great men of this world have always been wretched in their domestic relations, while mean and common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves those who desire the world's applause are careless of the little world at home, while those who have none of this egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own and were happy in their tenderness.

The exports of domestic cottons from New York to foreign ports in one week, recently, were over 1,000 packages, which bring the total, from the 1st of January, up to 31,500 packages. The shipments of grain are enormous. Last week's exports were of wheat, 13,023,300 bushels, corn, 409,546 bushels, besides a fair quantity of peas, rye, and oats. The prospect of war in Europe has stimulated the grain trade.—[Scientific American.]

Humor and Sarcasm.

It is not every body that knows where to joke, or when or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither a good nor wise policy to joke at any body's expense, that is to say, to make any body uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Esop, who was doubtless the subject of many jibes on account of his humped back, tells the story in the fable of "The Boys and Frogs." What was fun to the youngsters was the death of the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in the same light as you, and will requite it with contempt and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any enemy for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force or logic.

The New Postage Law.
The following section of a law has been passed by Congress and approved by the President:

SECTION 15. That transient newspapers, magazines, regular publications designed primarily for advertising purposes, or for free circulation at nominal rates, and all printed matter of the 3rd class, except unsealed circulars, shall be admitted to, and be transmitted in the mails at the rate of one cent for every two ounces, or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each two additional ounces, or fractional part thereof, and the sender of any article of the third class of mail matter may write his or her name or address therein, or on the outside thereof, with the word "from" above or preceding the name, or may write briefly, or print on any package the number and names of the articles inclosed.

Publishers of newspapers and periodicals may print on the wrappers of newspapers or magazines sent from the office of publication to regular subscribers, the time to which subscription thereof has been paid, and addresses on postal cards and unsealed circulars may be either written, printed, or affixed thereto, at the option of the sender.

SECTION 16. That all acts or parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed. On unsealed circulars and all mailable matter of the third-class, other than that distinguished in the foregoing section, postage will be charged as heretofore, one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof.

Stealing a Car Load of Cattle.
A few days ago Capt. C. E. Dunn, of Jefferson county, Tenn., shipped two car loads of fat cattle to a prominent cattle broker in Richmond, Va., in accordance with a previous agreement. When the cattle arrived at Lynchburg, a man calling himself Harvey, having from the vicinity of Abingdon, appeared upon the scene, and exhibited a forged letter showing that he was a partner of Capt. Dunn, with authority to take charge of the cattle which he proposed to do.

As there could be no reasonable objection, the impostor took charge of the train, and negotiated a trade with a cattle merchant of Richmond, by which he received \$1,200 in cash, and the polite Mr. Harvey generously requested that the remainder of the money should be sent to Capt. Dunn, of Tennessee.

Capt. Dunn himself passed thro' Lynchburg, subsequently, suspecting that something was wrong. Upon reaching Richmond, he ascertained all the facts in the case, and found that his pretended "partner" had drawn his money. An interview with the innocent buyer, however, satisfied him that he would sustain no loss, and the innocent victim of Harvey's rascality promptly repaid the \$1,200.—[Lynchburg News.]

LADIES feeling an interest in the dead and gone fashions of their ancestors, will read with pleasure the following "recipe for a lady's dress," printed in London, 1821. "Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermilion, dress your eyebrows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your ear-rings, and a ruby cross the front pin on your head. Submission to your husband is your best ornament. Employ your hands in house-wifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity."

Unappreciated.

Edgar Poe, the poet, died at the age of forty, really starved out. It is not a thing that Americans can think of with satisfaction, that the finest works of imagination their country has produced—the tales of Hawthorne and Poe—never brought their authors half as much money as an inferior reporter on a provincial paper now gets. For "The Raven" Poe received ten dollars. These stories, which would bring almost any sum from a magazine, were carried about for days and sometimes weeks by the shivering dinnerless author, while his beloved wife was dying on a spread of straw—to find a publisher willing to pay the merest pittance for them. As for Poe, history records as his two great faults, a tendency to drink and a way of borrowing money, which was never repaid. He was, however, sanguine of being able to repay when he borrowed. However, it must be said that those who could have presented any claims on Poe's assets (?) for money lent were people who had built up magazines and fortunes on his brains, giving him in some cases about five hundred dollars per annum for nearly three hundred and sixty-five days and nights of actual toil. Poe was a very handsome man, with an almost effeminate beauty about the mouth and chin, and a superb head and forehead; he was also a perfectly accomplished elocutionist, and if he lived now would be the lyceum's ace of trumps.

Did He Ever Really Love Her?
Many a girl has a beau who is very attentive, and says all manner of nice things, but doesn't propose, and finally deserts her; and the next thing she hears of him is that "he is paying attention to another." Such cases often come before our notice, and experience generally tells us that in most instances such a young man never has any real love for any body but himself, and that all he cares for when he pretends to love a girl, is to amuse himself as long as he may choose and end by going off when he is tired. A man who stops paying attention to a lady on the pretence that his love is changed, that he loves her no longer, but now loves another, is a conscious deceiver. He knows very well that he has not loved, and that he does not love, and that he does not intend to keep his faith with any of the girls he is trifling with. True love does not seek change, nor will it give up its object for any but overwhelming reasons.

As Much Opposed to two terms as Grant was.
The second pledge of Mr. Hayes is amusing. He states his "inflexible purpose, if selected, not to be a candidate for election to a second term." This will sound well in New Jersey, or for foreign countries where Hayes isn't familiarly acquainted. But Mr. William E. Davis can explain how Hayes once solemnly promised not to be a candidate for Congress; but he was. There is a member of Grant's Cabinet—Judge Taft—who remembers how Hayes sacredly promised not to be a candidate for the Governorship in 1875, and how he broke his word. It is known to Ohio that Hayes never held but one office to which he did not ride over broken pledges. His promise not to accept the Presidency the second time will be deemed ludicrous in this State.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Overcome Him.
Last evening a lady abruptly turned the corner at Jones' drug store, and very rudely ran against a little ragged boy who was playing "jacks." Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry."

"The boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant, then taking off his crownless hat, bowed very low, smiled till his face became radiant, and said: "Pardoning and welcome, Miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down an' I won't say a word."

After the lady had passed he turned to a comrade and said: "I never had any one to ask my pardoning, and it kinder took me off my feet."

"WHY not keep fresh the romance and politeness of our younger days? There is altogether too much monotony and routine of life. Before you were married, you went to her who was to be your wife with a feeling that her simple presence could charm away the blues with you. If, years ago, she had expressed a desire for some flowers that only grew on the top of the hill yonder, you were up by sunrise, and felt fully repaid by the look of love or the kiss, for all your labor and pains. Now, however, if the flowers must be had, you give a man a dollar to gather them, while you turn over and take another nap."

Should a ship canal be cut across the Isthmus of Darien at the narrowest point, it would be thirty-two miles long, and would require a ship tunnel 125 feet high and 7 miles in length through solid rock. A vessel going from New York to San Francisco, would save ten thousand miles of sailing, and could afford to pay a toll of \$3,000. In the one item of wages, a clipper ship of 1,500 tons burthen, would save \$3,000 at least. It is estimated that the work would cost \$100,000,000.

HUMOROUS.

A POLITE way of putting it—Troubled with a chronic indigestion to exertion.

As Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend!"

It is not pleasant to hear a person continually remark that he owes no man a cent. It creates a suspicion that no man will trust him.—[Rochester Democrat.]

"My dear," said John Henry, to his scornful wife, "Providence has spared you the necessity of making any exertions of your own to turn up your nose."—[Cincinnati Times.]

RICHARD GRANT WHITE says there is no such thing as "in our midst," but we would like to know where he would locate the pain that makes paragon a popular beverage among the young.

PLATO says that philosophy consoles a man in all trials; but we would have liked to see Plato chasing a lawn mower about his front yard and trying to produce a pleasing impression on the pretty girl across the way about the time the machine struck a stone and the handle took him in the pit of the stomach.

SHE had been fishing for trout very long and patiently without catching any, when her husband espied her, and asked her what sort of flies she used. "Oh," she answered, "some nice ones that I bought in Paris on purpose."

"But," exclaimed the husband, pulling out her line and looking at the flies, "these flies will never catch trout. Who ever heard of any body fishing for trout with flies of this color?"

"Why," replied the wife, they are all right—they match my dress, you see!"

They call it the "fighting trick" in Detroit. A benevolent looking man enters a drinking saloon, followed soon after by a wiry little fellow who invites No. 1 to take a drink and a cigar. The liquor is swallowed, the cigars are lighted, when No. 2 exclaims: "For thirty long years I have followed your trail day and night! You broke up my happy family, villain that you are, but now come out here and fight me like a man!" "I will fight you to the death!" is the determined reply and both rush into the back yard. The agitated barkeeper runs to the front door, whistles for a policeman, and hurries to the back door just in time to see a coat tail disappearing over the fence. Then he begins to realize the situation.

Too Fast.
In our day, both married and single persons live too fast. A bachelor now has need of an income such as would once have satisfied a man with a family; and the husband and father requires for his single household, the means that twenty years ago, would have supported two families, if not three. Daughters are sent to fashionable schools, at an enormous cost, there to learn extravagance, and, in short, become fitted for any thing but to become the wives of poor men. Sons are ruined with unlimited pocket money, late hours, and almost total absence of paternal control. Thus we not only waste our estate, but perpetuate the vice in our children. In every way we are living too fast.

Strong Beard.
Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber's shop, and on the same day, to be shaved—one in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Vell, dat man has the fastest beard I ever saw! I shaves him dis morning, shaves him at dinner times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

Should a ship canal be cut across the Isthmus of Darien at the narrowest point, it would be thirty-two miles long, and would require a ship tunnel 125 feet high and 7 miles in length through solid rock. A vessel going from New York to San Francisco, would save ten thousand miles of sailing, and could afford to pay a toll of \$3,000. In the one item of wages, a clipper ship of 1,500 tons burthen, would save \$3,000 at least. It is estimated that the work would cost \$100,000,000.

HOTELS.

R. P. GRISHAM
has again opened out at his old stand, at Rockcastle River—Rooms all newly furnished—
GOOD STABLES & ACCOMMODATIONS FOR DRIVERS.
and is well prepared to entertain all his old customers and acquaintances, as well as the traveling public generally, and invites a liberal patronage in the patronage in his line.

THE
CRAB ORCHARD HOTEL
Crab Orchard, Kentucky,
W. G. SAUNDERS, - - - Proprietor.

Accommodations Unexcelled.
EXCELLENT BATH.
NO. 1 LIVERY STABLE.
Connected with the Hotel.

THE
MYERS HOUSE,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

James B. Owens,
PROPRIETOR.
Fare and Accommodations,
all that a Traveler
Could Wish.

Baggage Checked to and from Depot
Free of Charge.

THE
LOUISVILLE HOTEL,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

M. Kean & Co., Proprietors.
FIRST-CLASS in all its Appointments.

Fare \$3. to \$3.50 according to location of rooms.
SPECIAL RATES TO MERCHANTS.

THE
CARSON HOUSE
[Late Higgins House]
Lancaster, Garrard County, Kentucky.

R. CARSON, Proprietor.
I HAVE returned to Lancaster, and taken charge of this well known and centrally located Hotel, and am prepared to entertain the public in the best manner. Thankful for past patronage, I solicit a share in the future.

An Excellent Bar and Stable
Attached to the House.

GEORGE SAMBROOK,
Has renovated and refurnished the
LIVINGSTON HOTEL,
at Livingston Station; has good Stables and

Accommodation for Drivers
Plenty of good labeled Hay, and Corn, always on hand. Good water running through Stock. Drivers sleeping at this stand avoid the risk of exposing their Stock by swimming the river previous to going into the lot for the night. He is well prepared to entertain his old customers and the traveling public generally, and invites a liberal patronage of their patronage in his line. Dec. 24, 76-116-117

AUCTIONEERS.
H. T. BUSH,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER,
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Will attend sales in Lincoln and adjoining counties. His charges are moderate. 211

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Will attend all public sales, and charge reasonable prices.

Stanford Female College,
STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS,
this Institution will open its
SEVENTH SESSION
—ON THE—
2nd Monday in September, next.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A
THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE
are taught, as well as
MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES,
DRAWING & PAINTING.
TERMS MODERATE.
For full particulars address
Mrs. Nellie C. Trueheart,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

CARL SCHURZ says he will support Hayes and Wheeler. Well, what if he should? Fred Hassaurek, just as clever a Dutchman as Schurz ever dared to be, says he will support Tilden and Hendricks. The former went out of the Liberal-Republican-what-you-call-it party, and the latter from the straight out Republican party. The former was a political floater, hunting a good bargain, while the latter was in a good paying position on a Republican paper, but left it because his conscience would not permit him to support that party any longer.

THE U. S. Senate appropriated \$2,000, last week, for the improvement of Rockcastle river in this State, and the *Courier-Journal* says: "The money is to be used in blasting away the huge bowlders which obstruct the channel, and that Senator Stephenson said with these removed, and the Cumberland river above Nashville improved, immense quantities of coal and lumber would find a market at Nashville." Our Rockcastle neighbors will be glad to learn the foregoing fact.

When Mr. Jewell, the deposed P. M. General, returned to his home in Connecticut, his neighbors, friends, and acquaintances, irrespective of party, turned out en masse to welcome the good and faithful public servant. It was a grand ovation, and a rebuke to Grant's miserable policy of turning out honest and capable officers and Cabinet advisers, solely on personal and childish grounds. Grant, like a huge Colossus, strides the country with his sword, exclaiming—"death to all who oppose my views."

JOHN F. FAIRBANKS, of Illinois, who, for forty years, has been affiliating with the anti-slavery party, comes out in favor of Tilden and Hendricks. And thus the ball is moving on to the good time coming in the near future, when honest men will reform the civil service and every department of the government. The scum on the surface has become putrid and must sink to give way to purer and better elements which have been at the bottom too long already.

THE noted Black Hills country lies partly in the Territory of Wyoming, and partly in Dakota, about half in each. The Sioux Indian reservation lies in Dakota. The Sioux tribe numbers nearly 40,000 souls. The cause of the late Indian trouble, is, that the richest gold parts of the Hills lie in the Sioux Reservation, and because the whites went in there to get gold the Red Skins resisted, and went into Wyoming to fight them. Who is to blame?

When a Republican says to a Democrat, "you should not draw the party lines in affairs which have no political significance," ask him how his own party acts in counties and precincts where they have the majority! Look at the city of Lexington, Ky., for instance. There, the black and white Republicans draw the party lines closely and firmly, and the blacks carry politics even into their secret church and benevolent Societies.

A BILL is before Congress to allow farmers and others, who raise tobacco, to twist it up in an amount not exceeding 800 lbs. and sell it, without the payment of a tax or getting out of a license. Justice long since demanded such a law, and we have been surprised that it has not passed. The farmer can sell any other product than tobacco, but that staple is held sacred to the speculator and regular manufacturer.

We are truly sorry to see that some of the Democratic papers in the country are sending out through their columns miserable caricatures of Tilden and Hendricks. They pretend to give a likeness of our distinguished candidates, but they really bear less resemblance to them than the burlesque pictures of men in Thos. Nast's cartoons. Spare us further infliction, gentlemen of the quill and scissors.

This attempt of the Democratic party to "carry water upon both shoulders," only the more certainly secures a routing majority for the Republican nominees in November.—(Shelby Republican.)

Cosine is near-sighted, and naturally mistook two buckets of soap suds for buckets of water. The suds will be needed to scour the White House premises, and we thought we'd carry em along with us.

CONGRESS did a noble deed when they voted to give to the widow and children of their late member from the 5th Congressional district of Kentucky, Hon. E. Y. Parsons, the pay and mileage to which he would have been entitled, had he lived to fill out his term.

THE famous "fast mail" train is likely to be discontinued, from the fact that the various companies running it assert that they cannot afford to do so any longer at the present prices. This may be an effort upon their part to charge an extra price for running this train. The people receive but little special benefit from it any way.

THE Lexington *Dispatch* was too good a paper to cease publication, and Mr. Baber, the talented editor thereof, a man of too much vim and force as a writer, to vacate the editorial chair. We sincerely hope he will again resume its publication, or give us the benefit of his large experience upon some other paper in Kentucky.

CIVIL Engineer George McLeod, the gentleman who was the chief of the engineers of the Knoxville Branch road, and who is well known to many of our readers in this part of the State, had a partial attack of paralysis last Sunday, but is much improved, as we learn from the *Courier-Journal*.

THE "Sam Tilden's Mazurka," dedicated to the Centennial Democracy of the United States, is the title of a piece of music issued by D. P. Faulds & Co., Louisville, price 35 cents. Send for it.

It is not probable that Mr. Watterson will have any opposition for the Democratic nomination to Congress from the 5th District. There should be none.

GENERAL NEWS.

CHARLES FRANCES ADAMS, the noted Liberal Republican, is out in favor of Tilden and Hendricks.

CATTLE Garden, the Emigrants' great landing place at New York, was recently destroyed by fire.

BRIST BUTLER is a candidate for re-election to Congress from the Essex, (Mass.) district. We don't want him there again.

HON. GEO. E. PUGH, a prominent politician of Ohio, died in Cincinnati, on Wednesday night last, after a short illness.

MAJOR GENERAL JOE HOOKER, commonly known as "fighting Joe Hooker," comes out squarely for Tilden and Hendricks.

THE Union Pacific railroad is to be extended from Waterville, its present terminus, to Washington, Kansas. The contracts have already been awarded.

CONGRESS has finally agreed to appropriate enough funds to complete the long neglected Washington Monument. \$100,000, it is thought, will be sufficient.

OVER sixty bodies have been recovered from the recent great flood in a Northern town, and others were lost by the same freshet who, perhaps, may never be found.

THE report that Gen. Crook had, with his command, fallen before the savage Sioux Indians, turns out to have been sensational. Up to the 22d of June, they were all safe.

THE President has signed a bill appropriating \$1,000 to pay for the removal of the remains of E. Ramsey Wing, late minister to Ecuador, from Quito to the Cemetery at Owensboro, Ky., his former home.

STRANGE as many Americans may think of it, the far off and not civilized countries of China and Japan have on exhibition at the Centennial some of the rarest and most wonderful pieces of mechanism ever seen in the country.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S disabilities have been removed at last. It might have been done long ago, and would have been, by a general amnesty act, but for the vindictive bitterness and malice of a few Northern fanatics like Blaine, of Maine, the hyena.

ENGINEER GUNN says that the first 18 miles of the C. S. R. R. was completed out from the Ohio River last week. That is the point where it crosses the Short Line road. Work along the entire line is progressing finely, and ere long the train will pass from Cincinnati to Cumberland river.

A FORMER citizen of Lexington proposes to ride on horseback from Waco, in Texas, to Lexington, Ky., in twenty days, and wants to know of the *Press* at Lexington where he can get a perfect map of the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. He will need something besides maps and a horse to carry him through in the time specified.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Associated Effort.

It is characteristic of the INTERIOR JOURNAL to commend that which is beneficial to society, and condemn that which is contrary to the life and well being of its constituency and the community at large. This characteristic is your chief virtue, and you have doubtless long felt the material expressed approbation of good people wherever your paper is read.

It was through the influence of your columns that the "public conscience" was "touched and quickened" upon the vitally important issue of temperance and prosperity against intemperance and adversity. Your columns have contributed a noble share to the existing sentiment against intemperance. Five years ago there were seen upon the streets of Stanford twenty intoxicated men, where now you see one.

Seven years ago it was rare that you could point to a young man and say he never drinks to intoxication; he never wakes the midnight welkin with drunken cries, pistol shots, etc. Today we can point to scores

of promising young men who touch not a drop of wine. Those who are in and those who are out of the organized temperance army. Temperance men scarcely realize the remarkable growth the cause has made, especially in bringing out and ennobling public sentiment. The only requisite to a final triumph of the cause, is the continuation of *Associated Effort*. The only organized association against the traffic in intoxicating liquors, is the order of Good Templars. This order which has made long years of warfare with the evil of intemperance, is now in the very zenith of its usefulness throughout the civilized world. It is now conceded to be the largest association, numerically, in the world. Here in your own town, it flourishes as no one dared hope it could, after the reverses the order has heretofore felt. There is still room for additional strength and influence. To-night, at the Court House, the subject of temperance will be discussed by a talented Temperance man, and new recruits will be solicited and received. *Associated Effort* can alone accomplish a work of reform.

PULASKI COUNTY NEWS.

Somerset.

MONDAY was County Court day, and the farmers, having "laid by" their corn and finished harvesting, came to town in large numbers—no disturbance occurred, and not much drunkenness was noticeable, notwithstanding the fact that three licensed, and as many unlicensed bar rooms, supplied them with the "demition stuff." Somerset is not much of a stock market, and what little is sold here on Court days, is not worth reporting. The ball was formally opened for the campaign of Tilden and Hendricks by District Elector, W. H. Miller, who addressed a large audience in an effective speech. A Convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to the District Convention, which meets at Stanford on the 16th of August, having been called by the Democratic County Committee, met, and, after being called to order by Robert S. Barron, Esq., who briefly explained its purpose, C. W. Richardson was made Chairman, and James T. May, Secretary.

A committee was appointed to draft the necessary resolutions, and reported a series, among which was one approving the nomination of the S. Louis Convention and pledging an earnest support of the nominees. Some fifteen gentlemen were named as delegates to the Convention and were instructed to cast the vote of the county, solidly, for Judge Durham, as long as his name was before the Convention, and, on its withdrawal, to give the entire vote to W. McKee Fox. After considerable speechifying was indulged in by Messrs. Barron, Waddell, Fox and others, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

THE temperance mass meeting that adjourned over from last Monday night week, met again on Monday night, and received the report of the committee appointed to draft the regulations for "sobriety League." Worthy Chief Templar, Bain, was to have addressed the meeting, but telegraphed that he could not arrive in time to fill his appointment. Notwithstanding the efforts of the temperance enthusiasts, bar rooms continue to increase and multiply in Somerset. The town trustees pursue the even tenor of their way, lending a deaf ear to the vote of censure and howl of indignation raised by the teetotalers.

MR. TURNER, who was struck on the head by his cousin, during a drunken brawl, last week, and received a fracture of the skull, has been near the point of death all the week. The Doctors report his case not as improving, with a fair prospect of his recovery. Mr. John P. Haley was severely bruised last Friday, by a mule falling on him. He was confined a day or two, but is now able to get about on crutches.

A DISCIPLE OF BRECHER.—"While the lamp holds out to burn, etc."

Your readers will remember that some months since, you gave an account of the eloquence of one, E. D. Parker, of Somerset, a presiding Elder of the Northern Methodist Church, with a gushing young damsel, who lived not far from Ashland, Ky. Well, after a few months of illicit bliss, spent some where in the far West, this clerical reprobate grew tired of his new found treasure, and his conscience began to sting him sorely as he thought of his poor wife, whom he had so dishonorably deserted, although, having vowed to love, cherish and protect. True, she was growing old, and the silver threads were fast replacing the gold, and, altogether, was not as fair to his eyes as she once was, but he longed to see her again. This longing grew until he was forced to obey its demand, so he returned a few days ago, to ask the forgiveness of her he had so cruelly wronged. Whether she received him with open arms or spurned him from her threshold, we are uninformed, but let us hope that she considered the weakness of flesh in general, and that of a preacher in particular, and took him back to her heart. The church ought also to take him back to the fold, as his services would be valuable to warn sinners of the rock upon which he well might be stranded.—Selah.

ARCHIE ANDERSON, a man employed on the railroad near town, had his leg broken, Monday, by the accidental fall of a derrick—but were we to attempt to give you an account of all the accidents that occur on the railroad, we would go far beyond the space allotted to us, and, knowing the minor importance of railroad men, we desist.

A REPORT gained currency here, on Saturday, that Best, who killed Post Master Hedger, of Lancaster, had murdered Walter Saunders, of Crab Orchard. This report was contradicted by Mr. Miller, on his arrival, to the gratification of many of Saunders' relatives and friends here.

THERE is some talk of Rev. G. C. Overstreet, of your town, taking charge of the Masonic College at this place. This would give unanimous satisfaction, for Mr. Overstreet is thought a great deal of here and elsewhere, both as a christian gentleman and a worthy educator.

WE were pleased to meet here, a few days since, your valued correspondent from Mt. Salem, Mr. H. C. Jones, otherwise "Simon Pinxton." Mr. Jones lived here for a year or two, and was so well pleased with the people, the females in particular, that he took to himself a wife. He has brought her back from her present blue grass home to look again upon the scenes of her childhood.

SHERIFF Tate sold, on Tuesday, 18th, all the effects of Railroad Contractor, James Clark, for the benefit of his creditors. Nothing of very great value was offered for sale, and, as every farmer in this county has supplied himself with tools at the many previous sales of "busted" railroad Contractors, things went very low.

BOYLE COUNTY NEWS.

Shelby City.

As a "looker on in Venice," we were present, Friday evening, and witnessed the opening ball of the season at Crab Orchard Springs. Mr. Tevis, who is always at home and knows as well "how to keep hotel," was in his glory; for with such surroundings as he commands at this delightful retreat, he and his guests could not be otherwise than in a pleasant mood; the spacious ball-room soon resounded in dulcet strains of music, and those eager to do homage to Terpsichore were soon flitting through the dizzy mazes of the dance. Those who know the exactions of the fickle goddess, say that the votaries did her devout homage, and your humble, we thought they danced well and faithfully, and we know they seemed happy, for under the regime of this establishment, he would be a fearful rough, that would commit a breach to mar the harmony, good cheer and peace which prevails here; the visitors appear like a happy family mutually assisting each other to full engagement. We may be excused for personating some of the young ladies, and if it happens to be distasteful to them, they must seek for amends in a change of their demeanor. Miss Ball, in the bloom of youth, of Atlanta, is attractive, her suavity and gentleness, with dash enough, render her conspicuous, and serve to mark her as a true woman who has carefully improved her time, and now with a proud consciousness of real worth starts out, thoroughly armed, to battle in life for that distinction she justly merits for intrinsic worth. Miss Trautman, of Philadelphia, is a truly gentle woman, and very much admired by all for her womanliness and rare accomplishments. Miss Zulaff, of Indiana, young and unostentatious, is much admired—amiable, kind and gentle—she deserves the friendship she so bountifully receives. Others whom we have not had the pleasure of meeting add much to the pleasures and good cheer that prevails here; everybody seems happy and content, whilst the manager and his corps of employees work wholly for the comfort of the guests; every want is gratified, every demand is met, order and system mark the entire management. Friday night next another ball will be given, and to those who are fond of "tripping the light fantastic" no pleasanter place can be found than the attractions of this place.

THE work on the R. R. is progressing rapidly; before this appears the train will be running as far as Hustonville. Col. Duffin is experiencing much difficulty in obtaining men for his work, whether it is the intense heat, or the amount of wages paid, we are not advised, but his work is slow, we are informed. The contractors next to him are progressing steadily.

OUR county instructed their delegates for Durham.

THE I. O. G. T. District Convention for Boyle and Marion counties, will be held here on the 27th, and we expect a full attendance from the district as well as from Mt. Xenia, Stanford Hustonville and McCormacks, which Lodges have been invited. Good speakers will be on hand, and ample arrangements have been made in connection with our neighbor Lodges, to give an entertainment worthy of the cause we are battling for. We insist on your presence, and guarantee you a delightful day. We have most excellent hotel accommodations, temperance houses strictly, and Dadds and Duck are at home; visitors to Maxwell's should know that large airy rooms can be obtained here. WIDE AWAKE.

BANK REPORTS.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Farmers National Bank!

AT STANFORD,

in the State of Kentucky, at the Close of Business, June 30, 1876.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$248,156 14
Overdrafts	4,229 11
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	30,000 00
Due from approved reserve banks	25,858 44
Due from other National Banks	9,777 00
Due from State Banks and bankers	149 55
Real estate, Furniture and Fixtures	6,000 00
Gold and silver coin	7,200 00
Fractional Currency, including nickels	299 20
Legal-tender notes	5,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	\$339,320 44

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$200,000 00
Surplus Fund	40,000 00
Other undivided profits	4,196 07
National Bank Notes outstanding	45,000 00
Individual Deposits subject to check	70,124 37
Total	\$339,320 44

STATE OF KENTUCKY, }
County of Lincoln, }
I, Jno. B. Cawley, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JNO. B. CAWLEY, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of June 1876. JNO. J. McROBERTS, N. P.
Correct attested: J. H. SHANKS, }
T. P. HILL, } Directors.
G. A. LUCKEY, }

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE NATIONAL BANK!

OF STANFORD,

At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky, at Close of Business June 30, 1876.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	\$186,514 60
Overdrafts	2,369 13
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Due from approved reserve banks	1,000 00
Due from other National Banks	10,000 00
Due from State Banks and bankers	6,858 24
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	4,430 57
Gold and silver coin	2,545 14
Fractional currency, including nickels	2,008 00
Legal-tender notes	275 80
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	4,091 00
Total	\$334,661 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	\$150,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000 00
Other undivided profits	12,014 12
National Bank Notes outstanding	51,283 00
Individual Deposits subject to check	82 56
Due to other National Banks	731 45
Bills payable semi-monthly	60 00
Total	\$334,661 00

STATE OF KENTUCKY, }
County of Lincoln, }
I, Jno. J. McRoberts, Cashier of above named Bank of Stanford, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JNO. J. McROBERTS, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of July 1876. R. S. WITHERS, }
R. VAN ARSDALE, } Directors.
T. B. McWHERRY, }

CANDIDATES.

We are authorized to announce COL. T. P. HILL of Stanford, a Candidate for Congress in the 8th District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce CHARLES A. HARRIS, of Harrodsburg, a Candidate for Congress in the 8th District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Crab Orchard Springs.

SERIES OF BALLS,
Commencing July 14th, and continuing, each successive Friday, during the Season. Charges for Gentlemen for Ball Room Fee and Supper, \$2 Regular Board, \$3 per day, \$14 per week, or \$45 per month.

I. S. TEVIS, Manager.

NOTICE.
BATES' BAKERY!

FRESH BREAD, CAKES, ETC.

At all hours, at wholesale and retail, and at Reasonable Prices.

J. T. BATES.

LIVERY STABLE!

J. E. BRUCE, Proprietor.

DEPOT ST. - STANFORD, KY

SOLICITS COMMERCIAL TRAVEL.

REASONABLE RATES.

Ready at all Times to Wait on Customers.

Stanford Male Seminary.

The next session of this well-known school will commence

ON MONDAY, SEPT. 4, 1876.

The Board of Trustees hereby announce to the Public that they have secured the services of

PROF. J. LOTON BARNES,

who is widely known in Central and Southern Kentucky as a

SUCCESSFUL EDUCATOR.

Let the Patrons of the Seminary and friends of a sound education, rally to the support of their school that Stanford may have a first-class Male, as well as Female Academy.

For the Terms, &c., of the School, see Circulars.

ELECTION NOTICE!

By order of the Lincoln County Court I am directed to give notice of the following Elections to be held on the 1st Monday in August next, to-wit: For Sheriff for the unexpired term of W. B. Withers, resigned; for Magistrates in the Walnut Flat and Crab Orchard Districts, for the unexpired term of W. M. Lackey, in the former, and of Stephen Burch, in the latter, and for Constable in Hustonville District, for the residue of the term of Geo. C. Campbell, resigned.

A. M. FELAND, S. L. C.

By S. H. HICKLE, D. S.

J. M. KIRKLEY & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FLOOR, BULK MEATS, No. 31 Vine Street,

BACON, LARD, CINCINNATI,

MESS PORK, GRAIN, &c.

FOR RENT.

A pasture containing

25 ACRES OF GOOD BLUE GRASS!

within ½ mile of Town, on the Lancaster Pike.

Apply to W. P. WALTON—This Office.

P. F. WALSH,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

70 Fourth Street, bet. Main and Market,

LOUISVILLE, - - - - KENTUCKY

My pantalon system as a specialty, is an acknowledged success, being original and suited to the wants of every customer.

WANDERED OFF!

MATTHEW C. ELMORE.

Left my house, last Monday morning, July 14, 1876. He was in my care and was insured. I will liberally reward any man who will return him to me, or M. D. Elmore, at Stanford, Ky. He was small, stout, rather light complexion; had no whiskers, and rather dark hair; wore a gray jacket coat and dark checked pants, no vest, had calfs shoes on suspended around at the top with girth, and in a disreputable condition.

Address: MENFEE ELMORE, Committee.

NORTHERN LAKE ICE!

I will deliver

NORTHERN LAKE ICE

Every morning during the season to the citizens of Stanford, at

2 1-2 CENTS PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month—and prompt settlement required.

JOHN H. CRAIG,

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS.

Miss Lucy Butterfield returns her grateful acknowledgements to her friends and customers for the very large and liberal patronage extended to her during the Spring and Summer Trade, at the Millinery Establishment of John H. Craig, and hereby notifies them that after a visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, she will purchase a Large and Elegant Stock of Fashionable Fall and Winter Millinery in Baltimore and New York City and have a Grand opening here about September, 1st.

TERMS CASH.

Pay Cash for Goods, and save the Large Profits that you must pay, when buying on time, in order to

COVER INTEREST AND BAD DEBTS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

N. B. TEVIS

is now receiving the

LARGEST AND MOST

COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET—CONSISTING OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,

Hosiery, Supenders, Gloves, Underwear, Scarfs,

Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Linen and Paper Collars, &c.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes,

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CALL on Smith & Ramsey for fine Spring Chickens.

PHYSICIANS Prescriptions specialty at Chennault's Drug Store.

MACHINE Belts and Rubbers for Sewing Machines, at Anderson & McRoberts.

A LARGE supply of needles for all Machines, 4 for 25 cts, at Anderson & McRoberts.

CHECK Springs and gum bands for sewing machines for sale at Anderson & McRoberts.

"It's Delightful." That's what they say of the Soda Water at E. R. Chennault's, only 5 cents a glass.

The only pure Soda Water ever made in town is at Anderson & McRoberts—from a new silver fountain.

WATCHES and Jewelry of all kinds at 25 or 30 cent less than Cincinnati at E. R. Chennault's.

The most complete stock of Drugs ever brought to Stanford, at E. R. Chennault's. Prices as low as the lowest.

Don't Pay Peddlers twice when you can buy the best spectacle made, at E. R. Chennault's at \$2.50 per pair.

SMITH & RAMSEY have every thing you need in the line of Family Groceries, at lower prices than you can buy them any where else.

ALL accounts and notes now due me and not settled within thirty days, will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Respectfully,
S. B. MATHENY.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Liver Complaint, coming up of food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of GREEN'S AROMATIC FLAVOR we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggists, Grocers and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

LOCAL NEWS.

It is said that Anderson county instructed for Durham the other day.

SEVERAL pikos leading out from town are undergoing much needed repairs.

A LOT of casks suitable for putting wheat away in, at Warren & McAlister's.

TRACK laying on the C. & S. R. R. is pretty lively. The iron is down as far as Mill-edgeville.

THERE will be a grand Democratic barbecue at Harrodsburg to-day, in honor of Tilden and Hendricks.

Go to Campbell & Miller's and get a practical Cook Book, containing two hundred recipes, free of charge.

REV. W. W. HARRIS will deliver a temperance lecture, by request, in this place, to-night, at the Court-House.

It is now a settled fact that William O. Bradley, Esq., will be the Republican candidate for Congress in this district.

JERE WAIDE, a man of color, buried another child last Wednesday, which is the third one he has lost within six weeks past.

The Kirkville Fair was largely attended last week, and the meeting was said to have been excellent in every way, and the stock good.

THE Democracy of Garrard county will hold a meeting on Monday next, to appoint delegates to the Convention here on the 16th of August.

BOYLE and Pulaski counties have instructed their delegates to vote for Durham in the Convention of the Democracy at Stanford, on the 16th of August.

I HAVE several fine Red Berkshire pigs for sale, at a reasonable price. These hogs are known to be the best variety, as they fatten early, and are very thrifty.

J. R. OWENS.

The latest enterprise of the Hustonville boys, was an attempt to tie a tin can, charged with gravel, to the tail of a black snake in order to see him run. They couldn't do it.

THEY have a fortune teller in full blast in Hustonville. Her vaticinations are received by the colored persuasion with religious awe. Wonder if she goes for "Where-on-Hayler?"

THE investigation into the Lancaster mob, still drags along slowly and tediously. Several ladies have been examined, but they knew little or nothing of the parties engaged in the mob.

MR. BILLY LUCAS, of the West End decided to commence using his ice last Sunday morning. After proving the saw, dust to the bottom, and rumaging every corner in vain, he -- didn't go to Church that day.

WE have been asked repeatedly, who is the Chairman of the Lincoln County Democratic Committee. In reply to all who may wish to know, we would say that J. M. Cook, of Hustonville, is honored with that position.

ALONG several of our streets and alleys which are not much traveled, the weeds have grown to tall and broad proportions, which give to the town an air similar to that worn, as we imagine, by Goldsmith's deserted village.

MR. JAMES TAYLOR, of Lebanon, eloped last week with Miss Mary, daughter of Dr. H. P. Newlin, of Danville. They were married over in Indiana, the good State which is to furnish the next Vice President of the country.

TWO children were married at Lancaster last week. They were the same age—16 years. The latter gives their names as Jerry Pitts and Mandy Tatum. The County Judge, Duncan, tied the infants together.

THE late Nathan McKinney, who died a few weeks ago, in this county, was insured in the Equitable Life Insurance Company for \$5,000, and his wife and three children will receive that sum within the Company's limit of 60 days from the date of his death.

At last King's Mountain Tunnel has been completed. This tunnel is nearly a mile long, and is among the heaviest work on the C. & S. R. R. It cost over \$200,000.

MESSRS. REED, HARVEY & Co., the enterprising druggists of Harrodsburg, had printed at their own expense, a handsome catalogue of the Mercer County Fair and presented to the Association. The firm deserves credit for their liberality.

WE are invited to Mr. J. H. Lapsley, Secretary of the Mercer County Agricultural and Mechanical Association, for a complimentary ticket to the Fair at Harrodsburg, which begins on the first and closes on the fourth day of next month.

OUR information is, that several of the Banks in this part of the State, have been caught in the "crash" of the Louisville Pork Merchants, to the amount of \$70,000—in all, or more. The Pork Merchants may yet pay out nearly half, if not more.

FOR some weeks past, we have heard it reported that there would be established at Somerset, in Pulaski county, within a short time, a paper in the interest of the Republican party. If it should start, we wish it success in all things except that of politics.

THE idle rumor that there was a scarlet fever at the Crab Orchard Springs, should be denied, as there is no truth in it. A few cases occurred in the town, half a mile distant, some time ago, but there has never been a case at the Springs, and there is not a healthier spot in the State.

HOTEL in Stanford for sale or lease, for five to ten years. One-half or all can be purchased on time payments, one, two, three, four and five years. The Hotel can be converted into two dwellings. None need apply but responsible persons. For further information, apply at this office.

MR. TERHUNE dug a well in his yard near the town limits, recently, and the water was found to be a strong sulphur, with perhaps other medicinal qualities. Almost every well which has been dug on the North side of the town branch, and within 100 yards of it, contains medicinal properties.

MR. D. W. HILSON, agent of the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company, passed through town this week en route to Somerset, to pay off a \$3,000 policy on the life of young J. P. Huffaker, who died last Spring. He will also pay a \$2,000 policy at Burksville, on the life of a Mr. Reynolds.

WE have not heard on what day the Democracy of this county will meet to appoint delegates to the Congressional Convention, which is to convene here on the 16th of August, to nominate a candidate for Congress, but presume they will meet for that purpose on the first Monday in next month, (County Court day).

WE hasten to explain that the Thomas Richards who is advertised as imposing himself on Masonic Lodges in the South, is not our Tom. The weather is hot enough for him here; he would not therefore, risk the South, to say nothing of the danger of that "other climate, regulated for evil doers, further on.

THE Trustees of the Stanford Male and Female Seminary, having received the resignation of Mr. R. V. Lillard, regretfully held a meeting last Saturday and unanimously elected Prof. J. Lott Barnes, of Hustonville, as Principal of the Seminary, whose school will open in September next. Mr. Barnes makes due announcement of the time of opening through our columns. He will remove to our town in a short time, and take possession of the dwelling attached to the Seminary.

THE publication of the proceedings of the preliminary meeting of our county, held last Saturday evening in the Court-House, looking to the preparation of an historical sketch of this county, is intended as a notice to each one on the various committees. It is earnestly requested that all will act promptly and cheerfully in the matter, and be present in person at the next meeting, if the programme is carried out, no county in the State will have a better prepared sketch.

HORSE THIEF KILLED.—Deputy Sheriff J. J. Tate, of Casey county, with a posse, started in pursuit of a gang of horse thieves in that county, the other day, and when they got in range of the gang, were fired upon. Whereupon officer Tate and his party returned the fire and killed a man named Murrell, supposed to be the leader of the thieves, and also wounded another. We presume the Radical papers everywhere will call this another "rebel outrage, and lawlessness in Kentucky."

DWELLING BURNED.—Last Wednesday night about 12 o'clock, the new dwelling house of Walter Fields, situated near the pike, on the line between Boyle and Lincoln counties, was discovered by the inmates to be on fire, but it had gained such headway when seen that the half dozen men barely had time to escape. Only a single bed was saved. Mr. Fields had just about completed the building at a cost of \$1,200. His loss, including furniture, etc., is quite \$1,500, with no insurance. The fire began in the ell from some cause. It is a severe blow on an old man who had, by hard labor, accumulated enough to build a cozy little home on his little farm, into which to spend the last years of his life. Many a hard lick he has struck upon the anvil to earn that which a cruel fate saw proper to sweep away at a single breath, as it were. Not disheartened, however, he hopes to be able to build another house, and we hope for him a better fate next time.

ELECTION.—At the election on the first Monday in August the voter will be called upon to choose a Sheriff, Magistrate and Constable, and the town of Stanford a town Marshal. We have not heard who the various aspirants are for all of the different offices, but we hope that our party will keep up a thorough organization in all of its different branches, and run our best and truest men for office. Some people say that there is no politics in such offices, and we should vote for merit, and not measures. That may be true in one sense, but not in all. We have good and capable Democrats in our various precincts who would fill these offices. Let us call them out and give them into their hands. This is a time when all others when our party organization should be perfect, and to make it so it is essential to nominate for each and all of offices, from the highest to the lowest, honest and well tried and unfaltering Democrats. If that course is pursued it will be the means of adding largely to our majority for the Democratic ticket for President and for Congress.

Preliminary Meeting.

At a respectable meeting held at the Court-House, in Stanford, the 15th day of July, 1876, on motion, Capt. William G. Welch, was appointed Chairman, and H. T. Harris, Secretary. The Chairman explained the object of the meeting, which was to take the preliminary steps to have a thorough history of Lincoln county written out from the early settling of the county, up to the present time, and which is in compliance with the suggestions of the President of the United States bearing upon the question of getting up a history of the whole country by the different counties of the different States.

On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to collect historical facts, with power to add to their number, to-wit: Hon. J. A. Lytle, Col. Isaac Shelby, Jr., R. C. Warren, Asher Osweley, Wm. H. Miller, Hon. M. C. Saffley, Capt. W. G. Welch, Hon. Wm. O. Hanson, Dr. Thos. B. Montgomery, Dr. P. W. Logan, John Bright, Hon. Jno. M. Phillips, Hon. Thos. W. Varnon, Stephen Birch, R. W. Lillard, D. E. Edmiston and Jno. Sam. Osweley.

On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee of Correspondence, to-wit: J. W. Alcorn, R. Blain, John J. McRoberts, H. T. Harris and George H. McKinney.

On motion, the following Committees were appointed for the purpose of writing up a correct history of their respective Churches in Lincoln county, to-wit:

For the Presbyterian Church, Rev. S. S. McRoberts, Rev. Jno. A. Bogle and Rev. J. Lott Barnes.

For the Baptist Church, Rev. W. W. Harris, Rev. V. E. Kirtley and Elder G. R. Waters.

For the Christian Church, Elder S. H. King, Dr. George W. Givens and James R. Warren.

For the Methodist Church, Rev. G. C. Overstreet, Barney Van Arsdale, John C. Cooper and H. P. Young.

For the Episcopal Church, Col. John Cowan, and any other member of the Church that he may call upon to assist him.

On motion, the following additional committees were appointed, to-wit:

For the Masonic Order, Dr. Thos. Bohon, Dr. L. Yates and E. R. Chennault.

For the I. O. O. F., R. Blain, M. D. Hughes and John B. Dennis.

For the Good Templars, James B. Green and Dr. S. P. Craig.

For the Patrons of Husbandry, James A. Harris, John M. McRoberts, Jr., Hiram Roberts, James P. Bailey, Jno. Bright, Ellison Padgett and Craig Lynn.

For the Knights of Honor, Dr. George W. Brougham, D. B. Edmiston, Richard C. Warren and M. D. Hughes.

On Banks, H. S. Withers, Dr. John B. Osweley and John S. Murphy.

On the Bible Society for Lincoln county, Rev. S. S. McRoberts, Joseph Severance, Barney Van Arsdale, E. R. Chennault and George H. McKinney.

On motion, each one of the foregoing Committees were empowered to add suitable persons to their numbers at any time, and that each one of the committees afore said, be respectfully requested to make report to the General Committee on or before the 31st Saturday in August.

On motion, Capt. Wm. G. Welch, was specially requested to prepare a thorough history of Stanford, from its early location to the present Benjamin Logan, up to the present time.

A resolution was adopted requesting any persons having in their possession the following histories, to-wit: Jefferson's notes on Virginia; McAfee's, Butler's, Allen's and Collins' histories of Kentucky, or any other work bearing upon the history of Kentucky, whether Church or State—and if they will not sell them, to be kind enough to loan the same to the General Committee.

On motion, the INTERIOR JOURNAL was respectfully requested to publish the foregoing proceedings, and other papers who feel a lively interest in the enterprise.

The meeting then adjourned until the 4th Saturday in August, to receive the report of the General Committee.

W. G. WELCH, Ch'n.
H. T. HARRIS, Sec'y.

The Central Kentucky Medical Association.

A large and interesting meeting of the Central Kentucky Medical Association, was held in Harrodsburg, Wednesday, 19th inst.

According to announcement, Dr. Ely McClellan, U. S. A., delivered an address before the Association on Epidemic Cholera. This address was exhaustive, and listened to with much interest.

Dr. S. P. Craig, of Stanford, delivered the opening address in the regular debate on *Valvular Disease of the Heart*.

Dr. C. Brandeis, of Louisville, took request, read a paper on *Ophthalmia Neonatorum*.

Dr. O. H. McRoberts, of Stanford, read report of case of *Abcess of the Liver*, accompanied with exhibition of morbid specimen.

Dr. Cowan, of Danville, presented sectional report on *Anatomy, Surgery and Surgical Pathology*.

Dr. Johnston, of Danville, read an Essay on *Outanism*.

Dr. Huffman, of Lancaster, exhibited an anomalous case of *Disease of the Leg*.

Dr. Tucker, of Danville, presented a paper on *Stenosis*, with report of cases.

Dr. McMurtry, of Danville, a report of cure of *Uterine Fibroids*.

Dr. H. Brown, of Hustonville, delegate to the American Medical Association, made a report.

Hon. M. J. Durham, presented the Association with a copy *Surgical History of War*.

Dr. Harlan, of Danville, exhibited paper *Improved Osteoplastic Forceps*.

Dr. Brown, of Hustonville, exhibited *Martin's Improved Spinal*, for treating Collie's fracture.

Dr. Cowan exhibited copy of *Carter on Disease of the Eye*.

Dr. Craig exhibited *Swaine's Ocular Aphorisms*.

Dr. J. D. Dent, of Richmond, Ky., J. R. McGee, and C. S. Willis, of Mercer, were elected members.

Committee on Questions selected as the subject of the next debate, *Phthisis Pulmonalis, its Diagnosis, Pathology and Treatment*, with special reference to *Clinical*—Dr. A. R. McKee, of Danville, to lead.

Thanks of the Association were tendered to Drs. McClellan and Brandeis, for their contributions. Thanks were also tendered Hon. M. J. Durham and Messrs. Read & Harvey, for favors to the profession of Harrodsburg, for hospitalities, and to the Grangers for use of their Hall.

The next meeting will be held in Stanford, 3rd Wednesday in October.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP ITEMS.

J. R. OWENS bought of S. H. Baughman this week, a combined saddle and harness mare, for which he paid \$350.

Stock, crop, farming utensils, etc., sold at only moderate prices at the sale of Mr. J. H. Myers, near town, on Tuesday last.

A worm is about to destroy the entire cotton crop of several Southern States, but other crops are finer there than ever before known.

MR. L. R. JONES' saddle mare, known as the "world beater," won the blue ribbon at the Kirkville Fair last week, beating several other good animals.

A HEIFER only 17 months old, dropped a calf on the farm of Col. Howard, near King's Mountain, on the 4th of July. The calf was very large, and was sired by a bull only 8 months old.

A FINE young trotting stallion, Allie West, the property of J. B. Wilgus, of Lexington, died last Sunday. Mr. Wilgus gave \$15,000 for him a year ago. The horse had a record of 2:25 at five years of age.

THE wheat market ranges in this county from 80 to 85 cents. The best white and choice Alabama brings the latter price. These prices were paid the present week by Warren & McAlister, who have bought about 800 bushels.

ABOUT one hundred head of cattle sold last Georgetown last Monday at from 3 to 6 cents, and about one hundred head of mules sold from \$75 to \$80 per head. A lot of male colts sold for \$18 to \$20 each. Stock has not been as low there for some time past.

THERE is a field of corn near town, about sixty acres in extent, which we would suggest against any other in the world. It is now over eleven feet high, every hill flat, and should the next three weeks be favorable to corn growing, it will produce from 12 to 15 barrels per acre.

J. B. OWENS has an Alderney Bull which he will "farm out" at \$5 per cow, and allow the farmer to breed to him until his cow has a calf. His animal is thoroughbred, and this breed is known as the best milk and butter stock in the world. The animal is convenient to town.

A GENTLEMAN from Jefferson county, has been here this week, buying broke mules for the Pittsburgh market. He succeeded in buying one pair from Robert Warren, for \$250; one pair from Thomas Buford, at \$250; a pair from Woods at \$332; and another pair from the same party for \$305. He offered J. R. Owens \$400 for his fancy pair, but was refused.

THE now famous trotting stallion, Smuggler, trotted four heats of a mile each, at Belmont Park, Pa., on the 15th inst., showing the fastest time on record for stallions. He trotted against Judge Fullerton and won the first, third and fourth heats, and the second was a dead heat. Time, 2:17, 2:18, 2:17, 2:20. Colonel Purcell, Smuggler's owner, after the race was over, was offered \$100,000 for the animal, which amount was refused. He will try Goldsmith Maid next.

LINCOLN COUNTY NEWS.

Hustonville.

SWEETENING under a temperature of about 98° in star light, unable to "raise the wind" even by means of a most unchristian looking Japanese fan, with nothing to drink but water, even the muse of history would drop her pen in despair. The weather is a third-hand topic. Politics is too exciting for the season. No chance for a record of marriages until the weather changes. Still J. C. Johnson has determined to risk the heat and the consequences, and start to Louisville with a car load of choice cattle.

LAST Thursday Mrs. McCormack, living near this place, was riding in the woods, when her horse became frightened at her riding stick. Posing under a low branch of a tree Mrs. McC. was unseated, and being somewhat elderly and unwieldy, received a severe fall. Her collar-bone was broken, and this together with her other bruises, her advanced age and corpulence of body and the extreme heat of the weather renders her condition uncomfortable if not dangerous.

OUR old friend Rev. A. A. Hogue, of the Presbyterian Church, preached here on Sunday, on his way to Liberty, where he designs teaching school, and preaching as opportunity may offer. We commend him heartily to the Libertines, and trust he may find his sojourn among them pleasant. There are many estimable people in that village; and they will find Mr. H. to be a pleasant, sociable christian gentleman.

LIBERTY has had a sensation during the last few days. Rumors about the matter are conflicting, but the main facts elicited are about these: It seems there has been a lively business done in that region lately in the way of horse stealing. On last Saturday night John J. Tate, who is canvassing the county as candidate for Sheriff, stopped for the night somewhere about what is called Tennessee Ridge. Before morning he ascertained that his horse was missing. Hastily rallying a posse armed with shot guns, he started in pursuit. Before day they rode up on a party of six men harnessed in the road. The first intimation they had of the presence of this party was the explosion of a percussion cap. Tate immediately discharged a load of buckshot in the direction of the faint light emitted by the cap, and killed one of the thieves. A brisk firing by both parties ensued, and continued until all the weapons of the pursuers were discharged. They then fell back to a house in order to re-load, and wait for more light. As soon as they could see they renewed the pursuit, and when they came near the scene of their conflict they discovered a man on horseback talking to another lying in the road. His reply to the summons to surrender was a shot promptly delivered. The whole party fired on him, but he made good his escape, although vigorously pursued for a considerable distance. The fallen man died soon after the pursuers came up. He had refused to give any reliable information. Tate recovered his horse. The marauders were followed into Taylor County, and lost somewhere near Campbellville. In order to ward off suspicion they seem to have resorted to the ruse of trying one of their number with a rope and pretending they had arrested, and were taking him to jail. This emboldened them to pass on without hindrance. The name of the man who was killed is said to be Murrell.

YOUR correspondent has long been the recipient of the sorrows and trials of youth—their counselor in times of difficulty—their assistant in getting out of boyish scrapes—their advocate in cases of youth-

ful indifference—their defender against the harsh judgments, and sentimental condemnations of age and acerbity. It is no strange then, that he has been appealed to for aid against the "censorious censure of a self constituted censor morum" hailing from Mt. Salem. Of course he has nothing to say as to the merits of the case. But the young folks feel aggrieved. They complain that the censure was not warranted by the conduct of any individual, and that its application is visited on the whole party. In the premises I would simply take the hand of your correspondent at Mt. Salem, and say to him, "Remember, my venerable brother, that it is not more than fifty years since you and I were boys. Recall with me the feeling of awful responsibility with which we washed our feet and put on our Sunday shoes and holiday jacks and tremblingly and blushingly infested some old neighbors' premises in order that we might accidentally fall in with his girls on the way to some merry making. And remember too, the various means to which we resorted in order to "show off" before our conscious, but coquettish sweethearts. Then as we beheld the gaily, perhaps the levity and frivolity of youth, let us reflect that in a few short years the burden of age, the cares of life, the responsibilities of families, will render them as grave, perhaps as dull as you or me. Would injure their health, and check their growth, and dwarf their intellect, and eclipse the sun-light of their life to squeeze their buoyant, bounding spirits into a garment of straight laced propriety. There are few instances, except you and I, in which good boys didn't die young.

FAIRSTAFF.

Mt. Xenia.

MR. EDITOR—Kindly permit me to express to the young men who attended the picnic at Maplewood, last week, my appreciation of their very excellent behavior. Besides the Mt. Xenia neighborhood, there were present quite a number from your town and from Danville; and I never before have seen such a crowd conduct themselves so well in every respect, as on that occasion. I had thought, perhaps, taking into consideration, the hour, freedom of the woods, no request made to maintain good order, &c., some might consider themselves at liberty to act somewhat rudely. I was agreeably mistaken. All acted with as much decorum as if in a parlor, and dispersed so quietly one could scarcely tell when the merry party broke up. Such conduct I consider highly commendable.

THE wheat crop is turning out well, yielding, on an average, from 18 to 20 bushels per acre. For instance, from 18 acres raised by J. F. Dawson, 341 bushels; A. M. Feland, 40 acres, 670 bushels; William Locker, 15 acres, 328 bushels; T. L. Crow, 20 acres, 340 bushels, &c. J. C. B.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Lenterville.

Use Castor Oil on corns after paring them. Sure cure.

The best disinfectant is Coperas dissolved in hot water. Sprinkle.

A syrup of the boiled juice of plantain and honey is good for whooping cough.

Beware of substituting quality for quantity.

Special bargains offered in Willow hampers for soiled clothes.

First class Mackerel offered at one dollar per kit.

The country is powerless to resist the oppressions of the American Sugar Ring, which was foisted upon the people by congress a year ago. Domestic sugars are now out of market. The fruit crop is large in most fruit-producing localities, and demand for sugars for preserving purposes, has opened. The sugar ring (Eastern Refiners) have taken advantage of the demand, and the power they have to inflate the price of sugars, and still compete with foreign refiners; hence the material advance we have to note in refined sugars. The following are New York quotations by telegraph Wednesday last: Standard granulated 12; A. coffee, 11½; C. coffee, 11½; yellow C, 10½; Retailers have been slow to make an advance, but these figures count it. See retail prices elsewhere.

Save time and money by buying grain shovels to handle your small grain.

Two hundred empty sugar barrels at 15 cents each; molasses and oil barrels at 75 cents each.

Save your cucumbers as buy as they grow of sufficient size, and fast your pickling spices, etc., at head quarters for fancy groceries.

You Get the Best Soda In one pound packages.

A big stock of Pocket Cutlery offered at 20 per cent. discount on regular prices. Call and buy a good knife for little money.

We have the Best of Twist Tobacco, manufactured of Laurel county bright leaf.

Now is the time to provide yourself with Bushel and Peck measures, Bag Twine, Wheat Riddles, Cotton Bags, etc.

Special low prices now offered in moving blades, weed and bush scythes, hay forks, etc., etc.

Why the people use Turkish Bath Soap! One. One cake will outlast two cakes of any toilet soap in use. 2nd. It imparts to the skin a soft, velvety appearance and keeps it in an active and healthy condition. 3rd. It never chaps the skin, and will cure skin diseases. 4th. In every essential it has no equal. 5th. It is so cheap.

Numerous styles of self-sealing fruit jars, are found upon the market this season, ranging from \$1 to \$2 per dozen, but the celebrated and justly popular Mason portable top, is still the acknowledged champion of them all.

We publish our prices, which is the best guarantee to our patrons, that they are not unreasonable, and our profits not exorbitant.

Use our six-cord, double-and-twisted, wood-dye, black, chamois, red, blue, Diamond Drip Syrup, warranted as pure as mountain honey, and as sweet as the best-distilled quintessence of maiden kisses served in Alchemy cream, with syllabus Rummings and rosewater flavor.

Supply your wife with lots of stone milk pails, butter crocks, strainers, skimmers, etc.

You can do more work in a garden in one hour with one of Avery's garden plows than can be done with a hoe in twelve.

A lot of sugar-cured breakfast bacon is a real luxury now.

The Universal Fluter is the best in use. Reduced to five dollars.

Examine our Blue Diamond Hoe, all steel from eye to edge, no laying, no welding. Price one dollar.

Get a sample of our "Boston Harbor Gunpowder Tea." It is unmixt, undiluted, and undoubtedly the finest Tea ever brought to Stanford.

Call and get Venetian Fed, ground in oil, for painting hearths. It is the cheapest and best point.

All good smokers choose the Boas of the Nickles.

Wetkeep the unleaded wire used in the "orange patent fence." Price 10 cts per pound.

Fresh Oranges, Lemons and Apples, received weekly.

Attention is called to our quotations of Groceries and Hardware, elsewhere.

THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

"DEAR me," said Lettie Wyngard, "I shall go crazy! Five children all clamoring at once, the preserve kettle boiling over, the pickles fermenting, the moths in my Sunday shawl, and the dog running away with the soup bone for dinner."

And Lettie stood in the middle of the room holding her head with both hands as if she momentarily expected it to sail up into the air like a balloon. Lettie was very pretty, after an old gypsy type, with great dark eyes, a brown and healthy skin, and hair as black as a crow's wing; and this round of daily cares and duties to which, as the wife of a poor young carpenter she was condemned, had planted a wrinkle on her forehead.

John Wyngard burst out laughing, and that in Mrs. Lettie's case proved the one hair that broke the camel's back. She began to cry.

"Now, Lettie don't be a goose," said he, soothingly. "Why, what do you know about real trouble?"

"I don't care," sobbed Lettie. "I'm sick of it all. I'm tired of patching old clothes, and hashing old meats, and boarding pennies. I'm tired of—"

"Your husband and your children," gravely interrupted Mr. Wyngard. "Is that it, Lettie?"

Mrs. Wyngard was silent and pouted. She did not like to own it, but for the moment she almost felt that she was tired of them.

"I might have married rich," she said, slowly twisting the baby's big strings around and around her finger. "I might have been Howard Lindsey's wife, and he is a very wealthy man they tell me."

"It's a pity you didn't," said John, provokingly.

"Yes, it is a pity," said Lettie, stung beyond endurance, as she flounced out of the room.

And then as she sat down to sew a button on Johnny's jacket, and braid Helen's hair, and show Rosie about the arithmetic sums, and finally when the four oldest ones were packed off to school, to bathe the baby and rock it to sleep, Lettie Wyngard could not help thinking how much brighter her pathway would be, if, instead of saying "no" to handsome Howard Lindsey, she had uttered the other monosyllable. Not but that she loved John better, by far, than Howard, but this wearing, grinding succession of petty cares and toil was snapping all of the elasticity out of her.

She looked disdainfully down on the faded calico dress she wore, patched and darned in more than one place.

"If I had married Howard Lindsey," she said to herself, I could have worn silks and jewels every day, with hired servants to wait on me, and an elegant carriage to drive out in whenever I pleased. Oh, dear, what a world of trouble this is."

And as Mrs. Wyngard laid her little rosy cheeks down to sleep, she felt that her lot had fallen in thorny places.

Just as she had taken her place once again over the brass kettle in which she was trying to do up some rocky pound pears, which a neighbor had given her, there came a loud knocking at the door.

"Come in," said Lettie, and the housekeeper from Hatfield Hall, the big mansion on the hill, came mincing across the threshold.

Lettie dusted off a chair in consideration of a flurry, for Mrs. Ellison was a grand old lady, who wore black silk and laces, and had her bonnets directly from a New York millinery every spring and fall.

"Won't you sit down Mrs. Ellison?" said she, coloring to the roots of her pretty hair, and secretly hoping that Mrs. Ellison did not observe the patch on her calico dress.

"Thank you, my dear, I am in a great hurry," said Mrs. Ellison, "I have some fine laces and muslins, and Valenciennes handkerchiefs here from my lady at the Hall. The handkerchiefs haven't come down yet, and she ain't willing to trust the lady's maid with 'em, and they must be ready by dark—and so I told her I knew a person in the village that was a master hand at laces and fluting and such like, and I depend on you, my dear, to do 'em for me."

"She'll pay you a dollar, at least," said Mrs. Ellison. "She ain't none of the stingy sort, my lady ain't."

A dollar in Lettie Wyngard's eyes was no inconsiderable sum. A dollar would buy her new shoes that Rosie needed so badly—or flannel for the baby's winter socks, or a half a hundred other things which Lettie could think of.

"Yes," said she, "I'll do it. My preserves will soon be finished. Lay the bundle on the table please. So the new family have arrived at the Hall at last!"

Mrs. Ellison nodded assent. She had lived with the Hatfields, of Hatfield Hall, for twenty years, and was sorry enough when the old place went into new hands. But a situation was a situation, so she had stayed on.

"Yes," said she, "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lindsey."

Lettie gave such a start that the preserve kettle had nearly tipped over into the fire.

"Lindsley!" cried she, with a little hysterical laugh. "What a funny name!"

"Handsome, stylish people; with more money, to all appearances, than they know what to do with," went on Mrs. Ellison. "I just wish you could see her jewels and dresses! Stephanie, the French maid, showed me when she was unpacking 'em, and it's as good as a play!"

Lettie said nothing, but stirred busily away at her preserves, while the old housekeeper mandered on about the wealth and grandeur of the new possessors of Hatfield Hall. And all this might have been hers.

"When shall I send for the laces?" Mrs. Ellison finally asked when she rose to depart.

"I'll take them home myself, about dusk," said Lettie, inwardly resolving to get a glimpse herself of this paradise which had so nearly been her own.

And so at twilight, with the daintily ironed and fluted laces in her basket she walked to Hatfield Hall.

How stately it looked, with its broad, colonnade facade, all glittering with lights; its grand conservatory, at the back, where palm leaves and banners brush the glass top; and the terraced grounds! Oh, if she had only said "yes," to Howard Lindsey eleven years before! Within, everything was in keeping. Administered carpets like banks of moss, covered the floor; marble statues stood in velvet lined niches, lights glowed softly, and tables loaded with ornaments stood around.

"Hush!" said Lettie, as Mrs. Ellison, with some pride, pointed out the beauties of the place. "What is that noise like a woman crying? In the next room I think."

Mrs. Ellison's face colored over.

"It's Mrs. Lindsey, poor dear," said she. "The master's a brute. He's been drinking too much, Mademoiselle Stephanie says he always drinks too much and he struck her. Struck her and called her a whimpering fool before all the servants. I never saw a man strike a woman before, and I declare it makes me sick all over. But Stephanie says it's a common thing enough. Oh, my dear, she's wretched in spite of all her money."

"Has she no children?" Lettie softly asked.

"She had two, but she lost 'em both. Mademoiselle Stephanie says she often cries and wishes she was dead, too. And I don't wonder much with a such a husband as she's got. Hush! there he comes now."

And shrinking behind the carved group of Italian marble statuary, the two women watched Howard Lindsey stalk gloomily by, with red inflamed eyes, sullen, down-looking face, and shuffling untidy footsteps.

Silently Lettie Wyngard went home, thanking God in her heart, that she was a poor man's wife.

"Have you heard of the accident?" asked old Peter Styles who was standing out at the gate as she hurried by in the deepening dusk.

"No, what accident? What has happened?"

"That there house as your husband was workin' in has all tumbled in! All a heap of ruins! Something wrong about the foundation they say, and—"

"Oh, my God!" wildly interrupted Lettie, clasping her hands. "Was he hurt? my husband?"

"Well," hesitated old Styles, "there was two men killed, and one had his arm broken."

Lettie waited to hear no more. Swift as an arrow out of a bow she sped homeward, a horrible dread winging her footsteps to an almost incredible speed. Oh! if John should be killed—John; her faithful, loyal husband, whom she had recked so lightly of, whom that very day she had allowed to leave her without the usual good-bye kiss. If her children should be fatherless—if—

"John! John!" she wailed, as she pushed open the door, and went breathlessly into the kitchen.

"Well, little woman, what is it?"

And oh—thanks to All Merciful Heaven—John Wyngard himself turned his bright, loving face towards her from a hearthstone, where he was sitting with a child on either knee. It was a sight to melt the hardest of hearts, and she must be ready by dark—and so I told her I knew a person in the village that was a master hand at laces and fluting and such like, and I depend on you, my dear, to do 'em for me."

"She'll pay you a dollar, at least," said Mrs. Ellison. "She ain't none of the stingy sort, my lady ain't."

A dollar in Lettie Wyngard's eyes was no inconsiderable sum. A dollar would buy her new shoes that Rosie needed so badly—or flannel for the baby's winter socks, or a half a hundred other things which Lettie could think of.

"Yes," said she, "I'll do it. My preserves will soon be finished. Lay the bundle on the table please. So the new family have arrived at the Hall at last!"

Mrs. Ellison nodded assent. She had lived with the Hatfields, of Hatfield Hall, for twenty years, and was sorry enough when the old place went into new hands. But a situation was a situation, so she had stayed on.

"Yes," said she, "Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lindsey."

Lettie gave such a start that the preserve kettle had nearly tipped over into the fire.

"Lindsley!" cried she, with a little hysterical laugh. "What a funny name!"

"Handsome, stylish people; with more money, to all appearances, than they know what to do with," went on Mrs. Ellison. "I just wish you could see her jewels and dresses! Stephanie, the French maid, showed me when she was unpacking 'em, and it's as good as a play!"

Lettie said nothing, but stirred busily away at her preserves, while the old housekeeper mandered on about the wealth and grandeur of the new possessors of Hatfield Hall. And all this might have been hers.

"When shall I send for the laces?" Mrs. Ellison finally asked when she rose to depart.

"I'll take them home myself, about dusk," said Lettie, inwardly resolving to get a glimpse herself of this paradise which had so nearly been her own.

And so at twilight, with the daintily ironed and fluted laces in her basket she walked to Hatfield Hall.

How stately it looked, with its broad, colonnade facade, all glittering with lights; its grand conservatory, at the back, where palm leaves and banners brush the glass top; and the terraced grounds! Oh, if she had only said "yes," to Howard Lindsey eleven years before! Within, everything was in keeping. Administered carpets like banks of moss, covered the floor; marble statues stood in velvet lined niches, lights glowed softly, and tables loaded with ornaments stood around.

The Oracles of Ancient Greece.

As the classical authors inform us, there were in ancient Greece, in different localities, so called sibyls, a kind of fortune tellers, clairvoyants, or spiritual mediums, but of a social standing much higher than that of their successors at the present day, as they were not only recognized but maintained by a wealthy and influential priesthood, to whom the presents received from the faithful believers were a source of enormous revenue. In our present state of society, we can scarcely form an idea of the power and influence of the priests as a separate class of society, monopolizing as they did all the profits derived from the superstitions, who wish to atone for their sins, to obtain knowledge not only of secret events, but also of the future, and to get advice as to their action in cases of difficulty, even to be cured of various diseases; and thus the priests monopolized, for many centuries, the functions of many professions, even that of the physicians, which Hippocrates at least succeeded in rescuing from the power of the priesthood.

These sibyls, of which the two prominent ones were the Cumaean and the Delphian, resided in gorgeous temples erected over caves, from which vapors arose which had an exhilarating and anaesthetic influence, similar to that of nitrous oxide or laughing gas, on those inhaling them. The author of a well known book, entitled "Art Magic," who for some time lived at the locality where the Cumaean sibyl once resided, states that it is one of the wildest, grandest, and most awe-inspiring gorges of the mountains around Lake Avernus, which itself is the inundated crater of an extinct but once mighty volcano; while the whole region around, now fertilized by the waters of the lake, bears the marks of the ravages of fire, presenting a most gloomy appearance. The clefts in the savage rocks abound with caverns, exhaling mephitic vapors and bituminous odors. The scattered inhabitants of the surrounding district once believed that the largest grotto was the entrance to the lower world, and that the hammers of Titans, working in the mighty laboratories of the Plutonic realm, might be heard reverberating through the sullen air. The dark waters of Lake Avernus were supposed to communicate directly with the silent flow of the river of death, the Lethæan stream, made dreadful by the apparitions of condemned spirits, who floated from the shores of the lake to the realms of eternal night. In this grotto resided the famous Cumaean sibyl; and from the exhalations, which were more or less poisonous to birds and other small animals which came near, the weird woman appears to have derived that fierce ecstasy in which she wrote and raved about the destiny of nations, the fate of armies, the downfall of kingdoms, and the decay of dynasties. All even monarchs and statesmen often acted according to her pretended revelations, as it was supposed that the purposes of the pagan gods were made known to her as to a counselor and a mouthpiece.

She sometimes wrote her soothsayings upon palm leaves, which she laid at the entrance of the cave, suffering the winds to scatter them and bear them whither the gods directed. To the Cumaean sibyls is attributed the authorship of the famous sibylline books, of which many strange stories are told, but of which very little is left that can be regarded as genuine. It is said that she foretold the eruption of Vesuvius, in which Pliny perished and the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. She declared of herself: "Why must I publish my song to every one? And when spirit rests after the divine hymn, the gods command me to prophecy again, so that I am entirely on the stretch, and my body is so distressed that I do not know what to say; but the gods command me to speak." If we substitute in the latter expression the word spirit for gods, we have a declaration identical with those of the spirit mediums of the present day.

The abode of the Delphian sibyl or Pythia was in strong contrast with that of the Cumaean oracle. It was situated in the delightful region of Parnassus, sparkling in sunlight and fragrant with bloom. The superb temple of Apollo was built over a similar chasm as that where the Cumaean sibyl held her seances, so that it was secured from the approach of the vulgar. On its former site certain clefts in the rock are still visible, one of which forms a deep cavern, into which travellers, by clinging to its rugged sides, may descend as far as they dare. They then experience effects similar to those produced by nitrous oxide or laughing gas; and one writer, who has explored these caverns, asserts that it is this gas that produces the effects spoken of. This, however, is, according to geological principles, highly improbable; and we rather suppose it to be some bituminous vapor, which (according to our present knowledge concerning petroleum and its derivatives, such as naphtha, ether, rhigolene, chymogene, etc.) has an effect, exhilarating, hypnotic, anaesthetic, similar to that of nitrous oxide. All the descriptions agree that bituminous are exhaled from these volcanic chasms. Plutarch informs us that the most celebrated Pythia who served the Delphian oracle in the temple of Apollo was a beautiful young country girl from Libya, named Sibylla.

From this was the name sibyl derived, and it was afterward given to all clairvoyants of her day. Plutarch further says concerning the first sibyl: "Brought up by her parents in the country, she brought with her neither art nor experience, nor any talent whatever, when she arrived at Delphi to be the oracle of the gods;" and further, he says: "The verification of her answers has filled the temple with gifts from all parts of Greece and foreign countries." How very much like the innocent young mediums of to-day, who are often claimed to give the most astonishing revelations from the other world without ever having had the advantages of a scientific education! The sibyls of the ancients had, however, the advantage of the support, assistance, and prompting of a class of men highly interested in their reputation, the priesthood of the period; and this class not only consisted of the most educated individuals, but of men who had the greatest opportunity of obtaining information withheld from the vulgar.

When we compare with this state of things the position of our mediums now, who obtain little support from the intelligent, and none among the priesthood of the present day, we can not help being surprised at their success and the number of their dupes: our surprise is chiefly at the ignorance and credulity of those who patronize such things in the nineteenth century.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

A good coating for outside brick-work is made by mixing clean river sand 20 parts, litharge 2 parts, quicklime 1 part, and linseed oil sufficient to form a thin paste. It is also useful as a cement for broken stone, drying exceedingly hard.—[Scientific American.]

TO CLEAN THE INSIDE OF ANY TEA-POT.—If the inside of your tea pot or coffee pot be black from long use, fill it with water, throw in a small piece of hard soap, set on the stove and let it boil from half an hour to an hour. It will clean as bright as a new dollar, and costs no work.

TOP DRESSING FRUIT TREES.—The London Garden says: There is no operation in gardens, more recommended, or one which is of more general utility, than top dressing the soil as a means of enriching it for the benefit of the roots of trees. The richer the material used, the more effectual it is for good. Top dressing can be applied to orchard trees on grass with the perfect confidence that improved crops will follow, although the grass may be the first to show the benefit of top-dressing.

Of all the blunders that the common farmer makes with trees, none is so common or so hurtful as the practice of cutting off lower limbs. All over the country nothing is more common than to see big limbs cut off near the body of the tree. This is a sin against nature. The very limbs necessary to protect the tree from wind and sun are cut away. But the greatest injury is the rotting—too big to heal over, and kept moist by the growing tree, the limb must rot, and the rotting goes to the heart and hurts the whole tree.—[Gardener's Monthly.]

CURE FOR SCRATCHES.—Take by weight one part of resin and three parts of lard. Melt them together over a slow fire, so as not to scorch or burn, and when melted let it cool; then it is ready for use. It will cure scratches on horses' legs, if applied as soon as the disease is discovered. Use no water, but brush off dirt if any on the legs. Then apply a good coat of the grease—enough to cover the parts affected—once a day, and two applications will cure the worst kind of a case. It is also good for old scabs on horses or cattle, and for galls and saddle sores on horses.

A FARMER who sows clover seed plentifully and uses plaster liberally, need not fear to grow as large crops as he can. Large crops enable him to make and use more manure, and thus increase the fertility of the soil. In the clover crop, the large, broad leaf takes most of its growth from the atmosphere, and the root is mainly nourished by the subsoil. Thus clover is grown the soil from five to six inches in depth is constantly tending to fertility, and where manure is carefully saved and used, the farmer who grows clover has obtained the first requisite to success in his business.—[Correspondent Country Gentleman.]

How to mother motherless young animals—foals, calves, or lambs. Rub the palm of the hand full of gin, on the nose and mouth of the dam; rub a little of the same bottle along the back of the young animal to be adopted, place them together, and the relationship is complete. The advantage of this simple process will be complete to those who have to do with long-wool sheep, where, as is frequently the case, a ewe dies, leaving a pair of lambs, while probably another ewe loses her lambs, when exchange of mental affection is instantly brought about by the gin, to the saving and successful rearing of what otherwise would be two troublesome pots at best. When a ewe has three lambs, and another ewe one, the disparity can be effectually remedied in the same manner.

HOW TO WATER HANGING BASKETS.

Set in the middle of the basket or suspend over it a deep vase or broken goblet, which should be kept full of water. In the water place one end of three or four cotton or worsted cords, and drop the end of them on different parts of the top of the basket. This capillary attraction will cause a constant flow of the water through the strings, the number of which may be increased or diminished according as more or less moisture is needed. The vase, of course, must be fastened so that it will not tip and spill the water. It may also be filled with "Wandering Jew," or anything that will grow in water, and thus add to the beauty of the basket. The many advantages of this arrangement are obvious.

FRANKLIN DYER, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Galena, Kent county, Maryland, gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog. As he will be seen, he has tested it with the most gratifying results: Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one-and-a-half ounces of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to half a pint, strain and when cold, drink it, fasting at least six hours afterwards. The next morning repeat the dose, fasting, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning taking another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose, nothing is to be eaten for at least six hours. I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog, eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten. They took the above dose and are alive and well to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy. It is supposed that the roots contain a principle which being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia. I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy, that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement.

ONE of the saddest sights we are called upon to weep over, is a thin man with a thin coat, riding a thin mule through a heavy rain storm. The look of melancholy that glooms his rain-splashed face as he tries to crawl down under his coat collar and urge his wasted steed to supercilious effort, is enough to wring tears from a brick kiln.

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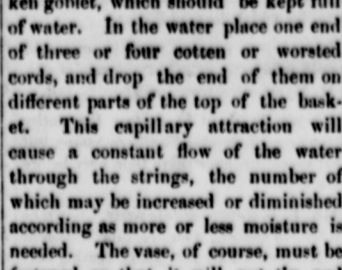
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